

fox.

the first time i ever saw a fox,

it was nailed to a barn door.

i don't remember the fox too well,

but the door was dark green.

and.

and, they say that i
can't begin with you
unless i place a row
of dots in front of you
as if you've been lifted
from the middle of some
longer text

and, used too often you
weaken me,

and, you sound a little
like my wife's christian
name.

and, and, and,
when i get excited i
repeat you

and, i still get excited
by so many things

and, you are the
patron saint of lists
a door between

one word and another
and, they say that i

can't end with you
unless i re-employ

the row of dots
as if cut short

midstream
and